

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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(Used by kind permission of the "Kindergarten Review," Springfield, Mass.)

OVER FIVE THOUSAND NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

During the first eight months of the present year we have added to our list more than five thousand new Bands of Mercy, with probably

about two hundred thousand new members. To all these new Bands we furnish, at a cost of thousands of dollars, humane outfits and *Our Dumb Animals* for one year. Every one of these new Bands formed has opened

another door through which to carry our humane influences into schools and homes. The total number of our Bands formed is now nearly sixty-nine thousand, with over two million members. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A MOST IMPORTANT LETTER.

The following letter received from one of our most influential Boston teachers deserves to be read carefully by every teacher in Massachusetts and, for that matter, by every teacher everywhere:

"A Band of Mercy Society, with the talks and celebrations incident thereto, is one of the most certain means of gaining a relation of sympathy and comradeship between children and teacher.

"When the teacher can devote a period to the interchange of experiences with pet animals, instances of cruelty observed, anecdotes known, read or heard about animals, the class is all *en rapport* and harmonious with the teacher.

"At such times enthusiasm runs high, attention is absolute, and mental activity universal. The mask or conventional manner which children often assume in the presence of their teachers is then thrown off and the real child is seen in unconscious freedom.

"Such conditions furnish opportunities of great value to teachers by securing unity of thought and emotion and promoting the noblest and most unselfish impulses."

To the above we add that we had the pleasure, some twenty years ago, of addressing during sixty-one days, on kindness to animals, the public schools of Boston, and never in a single instance failed to meet an appreciative and interested audience.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY P. C. ANIMALS.

As the New York Society P. C. Animals which, being the first of its kind in America, was very properly named by Henry Bergh, "The American S. P. C. A." has decided to discontinue its monthly paper and we have been requested to send to all its members, during its discontinuance, our Massachusetts paper, and a check has been kindly remitted to us to cover the cost, we are now able to reach through our columns a very large and influential body of humane people (about fifteen hundred, we understand) who are interested in our humane work but have not been familiar with our Massachusetts publications. We republish the following four cuttings, published by us about six months ago, which are familiar to our readers of that date:

- (1) We have cause for thanking.
- (2) How can we humanely educate the hoodlums?
- (3) Band of Mercy Day in Boston public schools.
- (4) What we want.

WE HAVE CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Our two Humane Societies have had recently great cause for special thanking.

First: Our Massachusetts Legislature has kindly enacted in our favor three important laws which we have asked them to enact.

Second: Our Governor has written us a letter telling of the deep interest he has in our humane work.

Third: Our Mayor has assured us that anything the city can do to help our cause shall be done.

Fourth: Our Police Superintendent, under the direction of the Police Commissioners, has told us that we shall have the full assistance of our whole police force, and they have now been posting our cards for the protection of birds, etc., in public places about our city.

Fifth: We have had grand success in distributing among thousands of Boston drivers and teamsters our humane publications, "Black Beauty," "Strike at Shane's," etc.

Sixth: We have had grand success in distributing our humane silver medals to the representatives of our twenty-three great Boston organizations of drivers and teamsters, including some seven thousand in all.

Seventh: We have had grand success in establishing Bands of Mercy in our Boston public and parochial schools and obtaining a "Band of Mercy Day" to be celebrated in all our public schools as such.

Eighth: We have had immense assistance from our daily and other newspapers. For instance, in one case (the distribution of silver medals), the photographs of the receivers appeared in nearly a million copies of our Boston dailies.

Ninth: Our prosperity during the past year has been such as to authorize us to employ additional agents, and to carry the monthly circulation of "Our Dumb Animals" up from sixty thousand to eighty thousand.

These are some of the things for which our two Humane Societies have just now special cause for thanking.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW CAN WE HUMANELY EDUCATE THE HOODLUMS?

How can we humanely educate the hoodlums, any one of whom may set a fire some windy night that may burn down half a city, or wreck a railroad train and destroy a hundred lives?

Answer: It is no use, in a large majority of cases, to tell them to love their fathers or their mothers, or to love God; but we can get them into "Bands of Mercy" in the schools where they can be taught what God has done for them in giving them eyes to see, ears to hear, and all the good things which tend to make them happy, and they can be taught that every time they speak a kind word or do a kind act, either to their companions or the dumb creatures they are meeting on the streets, they will make themselves happier, and so fifty times a day they will increase their own happiness by increasing the happiness of others, and then instead of giving them to read stories of pirates, robbers and burglars, we can give them humane stories and literature which will bring into their minds humane thoughts and facts which they will never forget, and which shall constantly make them better and more humane.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BAND OF MERCY DAY IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Our Band of Mercy organizer, Mr. A. J. Leach, having established Bands in nearly all the public and parochial schools of the whole state, obtained the unanimous approval of all the principals of the Boston schools and of the school authorities to have April 12 established as "Band of Mercy Day," and with the aid of Mrs. Leach prepared a booklet of sixty-five pages of humane literature and suggestions suitable to be used in the public schools on that day and at Band of Mercy meetings everywhere on all other days.

On the sixth page of that booklet is found that the first Band of Mercy in America was formed at our offices on July 28, 1882. The first signers of the pledge after President Angell and Secretary Timmins were the Hon. John D. Long, then Governor of Massachusetts, Archbishop Williams, Hon. Samuel A. Green, then Mayor of Boston, Chief-Justice Marcus Morton, Judge William E. Parmenter, Wendell Phillips and others. Also that the first Band of Mercy in the world resulted from a visit to England by Mr. Angell in 1869, being formed by Mrs. Catharine Smithies, whom he met in London, who wrote us after forming the Band this letter:

"I do not forget that you it was that was the means in God's hand of beginning the Lady's Society, one fruit of which is the present one."

We think it proper to add here that while in London we twice addressed the Royal Society P. C. A. Directors, urging them to start the "Animal World," the second paper of its kind in the world ("Our Dumb Animals" being the first) and twice were invited to dine with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and lay before her and her invited friends our plans for the

organization of the Lady's Humane Committee, which resulted in her writing the *London Times* that she had promised us to do what she could in the matter of humane education and in her becoming President of the Humane Education Committee, which has done a vast work in the promotion of humane education in England. Our plan being that she should enlist the prominent women of England, and subsequently the prominent women near the courts of Continental Europe, to work together to promote humane education in their respective countries, and to prevent so far as possible all international wars and other forms of cruelty and crime.

In our crowded columns this month we have not space to do justice to "Band of Mercy Day," which has proved an entire success, but in our next paper shall give the letters of our Governor, Mayor, School Superintendent, and various others in regard to this important advance humane movement.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT WE WANT.

Instead of sending out every month *sixty thousand* copies of "Our Dumb Animals" we want to send out *six hundred thousand* copies. Instead of *sixty-three thousand* Bands of Mercy now formed we want in all our states and territories *ten times* that number. Instead of having *two* missionaries we want *twenty* missionaries, constantly at work all over our country organizing Humane Societies and "Bands of Mercy," and visiting all our universities, colleges and higher institutions of learning to bring before them the importance of humane education, not alone for the protection of the lower orders of creation, but for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, the wrecking of railroad trains, the blowing up of buildings with dynamite, and all the various forms of crime which are now so enormously growing in our country—a humane education that shall make every man's life and property and the lives and property of those who are dear to him more safe than they are now.

The work is boundless, and all we need is the financial means of enormously increasing it.

Instead of sending out *three millions* of copies of "Black Beauty" we want to send out *thirty millions* over our country and the world, and so with our other humane publications.

Instead of reaching nearly all the educated men of our own state we want to reach the educated men of the whole country. Instead of supplying thousands of our city police, teamsters and drivers with our humane publications we want to have the same classes of men in every city and town supplied with them. Every dollar spent to educate humanely is a dollar spent for the increase of *every* charity, the protection of property and life and the preservation and prosperity of our free government, and the increase of its humane influence throughout the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AMERICA.

O land that standest fair and free,
Serene and safe from sea to sea,
Thy snow-capped mountains kiss the sky,
Thy plains in endless beauty lie;
O'er golden sands thy rivers shine,
Forest and rock and lake are thine;
All countries and all climes compete
To lay their treasure at thy feet.

Thy starry banner gleams afar,
On many seas thy white sails are;
And weary captives turn to thee
As to a hope and prophecy;
And with thy banner fluttering free
Goes aye thy watchword, "Liberty."
God keep thee to thy mission true!
O fairest land the world e'er knew.

Young Catholic Messenger,
Dayton, Ohio.

A PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS OFFERED FOR A THEATRICAL PLAY.

Our American pulpits have a tremendous power to preach and teach kindness to the lower animals, and it is a great pity that this power is so unfrequently exercised. Our theatres have a power perhaps almost equally great and our Humane Societies should use every exertion to have their power in this respect exercised widely and frequently. The book "Black Beauty" has obtained a world-wide reputation as the most noted book teaching kindness to animals. Our American Humane Education Society has caused more than three million copies of it to be printed in our own, various European and three Asiatic languages, and we think the time has come when a theatrical play of "Black Beauty," as interesting as Thompson's "Old Homestead," should carry the teachings of that wonderful book to all who attend our theatres. To aid in accomplishing this result I offer, in behalf of the American Humane Education Society, a prize of one thousand dollars for the best and most interesting play of "Black Beauty," which shall be pronounced by three or more theatrical critics of our Boston daily newspapers, selected by us, to be deserving, on account of its humane teachings and otherwise of a wide theatrical presentation. All competitions for this prize must be received at our offices on or before March 1st next. They must all be typewritten, each signed by a fictitious name and accompanied by a sealed letter giving the actual name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until a decision has been made by the theatrical critics to whom all will be submitted. The winner of the prize will be entitled to receive from our American Humane Education Society the sum of one thousand dollars, or, if he so prefers, he may decline the one thousand dollars and hold as his own property the play.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HORSE AND MUSIC.

Just at that moment, before any of them had begun to talk, every ear caught the pleasant musical sound of little bells ringing. It was no regular tune, but a delicious melody in that soft, sunshiny air, which was filled at the same time with the song of birds. Angela had heard all kinds of music in London, but this was unlike anything she had heard before, so soft, and sweet, and glad some! On it came, ringing, ringing as softly as flowing water. The boys and grandfather knew what it meant. Now it was in sight!—the farm team going to the mill with sacks of corn to be ground, each horse with a little string of bells to its harness. On they came, the handsome well-cared-for creatures, nodding their heads as they stepped along; and at every step the cheerful and cheering melody rang out.

"Do all horses down here have bells?" asked Angela.

"By no means," replied her grandfather, "they are some expense, but if we can make labor easier to a horse by giving him a little music, which he loves, he is less worn by his work, and that is a saving worth thinking of. A horse is a generous, noble-spirited animal, and not without intellect either; and he is capable of much enjoyment from music. We all know that music stimulates to exertion, as well as soothes the weary. Soldiers, as Willie says, march to music. If bands of work-people at field-labor sing, the labor is lightened and the mind cheered. Buffon says that even sheep fatten better to the sound of music."

Mrs. Howitt.

POISONED MEAT.

"I believe that three thousand United States soldiers lost their lives because of the adulterated, impure, poisonous meat."

Gen. Nelson A. Miles,
in August Life and Health.



BLACK BEAUTY.

FAITHFUL HORSE PENSIONED.

Clerks Buy Him When Government Finds Him Too Old.

"Whitie" has retired.

Green grass in a suburban home will take the place of dry hay in a stuffy stall, and springy sod instead of asphalt pavement will soothe the worn feet of the dappled gray horse that for thirty years, rain or shine, winter or summer, has been found ready and willing at all times to do the work asked of him by the great government of the United States.

Rest does not come to "Whitie" because Uncle Sam noticed his tottering limbs or dimming eye, or the passing of the strength that had been spent in his service.

Thirty years had "Whitie" responded when called upon, but when with advancing years the value of his servitude lessened to almost nothing, the government, through its experts, condemned him to be sold.

All those years of honest service, seemingly, was not enough to entitle "Whitie" to a chance at green pastures and shady nooks. But what the government could not do in the way of pensioning an old horse, three clerks in the depot quartermaster's office could and did do.

When "Whitie" was put up on the block and offered to the highest bidder, there were many vendors and hucksters, cruelly computing on the number of months, weeks and days that the old horse would stand up under a stinging whip while hauling a heavy load.

R. Marcus Howland, chief clerk in the depot, R. S. Dishman and Mr. Barker were standing in the crowd of prospective bidders. They came prepared to buy "Whitie." And buy him they did, at their first bid of \$10.

Now "Whitie" is a gentleman of leisure, disporting himself freely about the home of Mr. Howland.

How many horses are there in Washington that can think of being petted kindly on the nose by General Grant when he was President, or recall the days when "Boss" Shepherd was busy beautifying Washington?

Yet if the language of horses could be translated, "Whitie" would tell of a life of honorable work, intelligently performed, has been crowned with something better than rest or recreation—an appreciation of that life and service.—Washington Post.

"He shall be judged without mercy who hath shown no mercy."—James ii. : 13.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

WHAT I SAW.

It was about six o'clock in the evening. The locality, a down-town district of Boston. A wagon loaded with soda-water tanks stood by the sidewalk. The driver had gone through one of the alleys near at hand, and, as I came up, he was coming out from another alley carrying a heavy tank on his shoulder. He called to the horse—a friendly sort of call it was—and that great horse, a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, pricked up his ears and looked as though to say: "Well, how came you there?—thought you went down this alley."

Half a dozen of the hundreds of passers-by stopped for a moment to see if the animal would start. Before the horse could satisfy himself that the man whom he saw indistinctly through the gathering dusk was calling him, one of the men who had been watching stepped from the sidewalk, grabbed the horse by the bridle and shook and pulled him.

In a moment the driver was on the spot. "See here, sir; if yer've got any yankin' to do, yer jest got ter yank me, but yer jest leave that horse alone." And then the driver petted and talked to his friend in the harness in a way that must have made both very happy.

And I thought of what a writer more than a century ago called "contagious goodness," and I felt sure that this man, who appeared to be so rough and yet had such a warm heart, had caused a number of people to catch something of his friendly feeling.

A DOCTOR'S HORSE.

In the August edition of "Health" (New York City) we find an interesting account by its editor of how, when he was beginning the practice of medicine, he bought a Kentucky mare, three years old, high-spirited, but which, having been badly used, had learned to kick and bite in self-defence. She belonged to a brutal man who starved her and beat her with clubs. The editor bought her out of pity, but by good care developed her into the prettiest chestnut bay he ever saw. He says, "She seemed to understand all my wishes perfectly; she could tell my step as far as she could hear it, and never failed to prick up her ears and give a little whinny. For my work as a physician I never saw her equal. I could

leave her anywhere without hitching and she would allow no one to come near her while I was away. I have not the space to write all her intellectual traits, but one thing I considered remarkable and that was her sense of humor. In Central New York the winters are long—sometimes four or five months we would have excellent sleighing and in a little cutter we glided about the streets of Elmira visiting my patients. The school boys were in the habit of catching on the sleigh to ride. To this the little mare objected. When she saw a group of boys ahead she would trot leisurely along until she got opposite and at the first move of a boy toward the sleigh would shoot ahead as if she were shot out of a gun. Generally the boy would miss catching the sleigh, or if he did catch hold would only get whirled into the nearest snow bank. Then she would toss her head and snort and in every way act as if she enjoyed the sport. Whenever I drove one of my other horses I was liable to have a sleigh full of boys, but with her I always rode alone. She developed the whole trick herself.

"Years afterwards she became old and I parted with her to a farmer that was anxious to rear colts. I made a contract with him that she should never be used in harness and he kept his contract. Two years after I parted with her I made a visit to the farm to see her and after dinner went out with the farmer to the field where she was. She had a little colt by her side and was about ten rods away. When I spoke her name she raised her head in surprise, gave a whinny and ran toward me. But when she was about half way she remembered her colt and ran back and then turned and ran towards me again. Her affection for me and her colt seemed about evenly divided. Both the farmer and myself shed tears at the many manifestations of joy of this dumb animal—and when I patted her colt and appeared to admire it she appreciated my kindness in ways that were as eloquent as words. I heard from her many times afterwards and her colts commanded a high price. I bought her for thirty dollars, but through kindness alone she developed into a horse that in her prime I would not have taken five hundred dollars for. What would have happened to her if she had not fallen into the hands of one who appreciated her? Beaten and starved she would probably, with spirit broken, have become a miserable, loveless, hateful creature, not worth the food she ate, never realizing the thrill of joy which words of kindness can bring."

TO AID BEATEN HORSES.

The number of horses that are beaten or otherwise cruelly and unnecessarily abused in Chicago every day is shamefully great. Many a man and woman witness such brutality and ache for a chance to protect the horse, or at least to avenge him, and do not know how. One Chicagoan has found a way. He carries in his pocket a bundle of postal cards. Whenever he sees a horse suffering at its driver's hands he pulls out a postal card, addresses it to the employer or firm whose name appears on the wagon, describes the team and the driver as well as he can and states the facts. Then he signs his name and address and drops the card in the nearest letter box without waiting for his good impulse to cool.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

DON'T FORGET.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

The record of illegitimate births in Ireland, as reported by the registrar-general, is the lowest of any country in the world.

PIUS X AND DUMB ANIMALS.

Pius X has not only expressed his warm approval of the excellent work accomplished by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Naples, which has now a branch establishment in every important town and city throughout Italy, but has likewise issued a special blessing for all who "protect from abuse and cruelty the dumb servants given to us by God." While the Catholic Church has always taught kindness to animals, this is the first occasion of any official pronouncement on the subject by a pope, and it is therefore worthy of being placed on record.

In this connection it may be mentioned that in many parts of Europe—as, for instance, in Brittany, in the South of France, in Northern Italy and in parts of Austria and Southern Germany—there are annual ceremonies of ecclesiastical blessings of the cattle and herds, the object of the clergy being not only to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon agriculture, but also to promote the kindly treatment of dumb animals, the idea being that the peasantry will treat with more consideration an animal that has been blessed by the Church than one which has not enjoyed this advantage.

New York Tribune, Aug. 20, 1906.

Some years ago, with the kind assistance of Archbishop Williams, Vice-President of our American Humane Education Society, we sent to His Holiness at Rome a very large package of our humane publications for the purpose of obtaining his endorsement to their circulation in Roman Catholic countries, and received a most kind letter of thanks from the head of the Roman Catholic College at Rome. Subsequently we sent a very large package of Italian copies of "Black Beauty" to the Society of Naples, which, we believe, has since been printing large numbers of them itself.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THAT NAVAL REVIEW AT EGG HARBOR.

In our morning paper of September 4 we see that on the day previous President Roosevelt gathered about his home at Oyster Bay the largest fleet of war-vessels ever seen in America and probably one of the largest ever seen in the world. They all saluted him with twenty-one guns, and he expressed the opinion that they were the best gunners in the world. He said nothing about how three of those vessels, sailing out of New York harbor on a perfectly clear Sunday morning a few months ago, ran aground on a mud bank, nor about one of these admirals attending with his officers a Sunday bull-fight at Havana the day before his ship was blown up and hundreds of American sailors sent into eternity.

The President thought that any man who failed to be patriotically inspired by this sight was a mighty poor American.

We suspect that Abraham Lincoln would, under such circumstances, have expressed the hope that there might never be occasion to use these war-vessels against those of any other nation, great or small, and both Generals Grant and Sherman might have added, "War is hell!"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From the Seaman's Friend, August, 1906.) COST OF WAR.

"The nations are in a race for great armies and costly battleships. The chairman of our House of Representatives Committee has advocated a battleship to cost *ten millions of dollars*. He says that only recently England has condemned seventy of her war-vessels and sent them to the scrap pile; that during the fiscal year our expenditures for costly vessels and the navy is to be over three hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

The amount expended on *one gunboat* would maintain the whole foreign missions of the Reformed Dutch Church in America.

Two second-class battleships cost as much to maintain last year as the Presbyterian Church spent in domestic missions. It cost more to maintain *one torpedo-boat destroyer* than was spent on the saving spiritually, morally, and physically of the merchant seamen of New York. And as much for *one submarine torpedo-boat* as was spent by the American Seamen's Friend Society for the maintenance of its thirty-four auxiliary societies.

Our business is to make these vessels of war and every other vessel on the sea floating Bethels, whose crews will go forth to the ends of the earth carrying the benedictions of the cross."

It seems to us that this enormous cost of civilized and nominally Christian nations for rival navies with which to fight each other might be prevented by friendly treaties, and the vast sums now being used to build costly war-ships might be appropriated to some more useful purpose.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ASKS US TO AID THE PEOPLE OF CHILI.

We are delighted to read in our daily paper of August 26 an appeal of President Roosevelt for aid to be sent the people of Chili. We well remember how, some years ago, our government was proposing to go to war with Chili about something which we have now forgotten, and it was stated in our newspapers that we should probably bombard the city of Valparaiso. We immediately sent out a protest against the killing of innocent men, women and children in Valparaiso. We are now most glad to know that if any one of our warships has occasion to go to Valparaiso, it will be by the orders of our president under the Red Cross Flag, and loaded with what will help the suffering people of that unfortunate city and country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO A WATER FOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright. *Bryant.*

"Blessed are the Merciful."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over sixty-eight thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A., on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us *the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:*

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, *for one year.*

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems" and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



ROLY-POLY.

[Owned by Mrs. Mary Sage, Rochester, N.Y. Published by kind permission of the "Cat Journal" of Rochester, N.Y.]

(From the New York Alliance.)

MY CAT.

Very early one morning I heard an open wagon stop in front of my house, and two cats were tossed out, a black and white one and a maltese and white. Then the man whipped up his horses and went flying down the road, while the poor cats meowed dismally and seemed very much frightened by their strange surroundings. The maltese was so pretty that I gave her a home with me, while the black and white one went somewhere else; and I never regretted taking the cat in for she was an excellent mouser and ratter. She soon cleared the premises of all such vermin.

That was during July and August; then came September days, and I had to go to teaching, shutting up the house from Monday morning until Friday night. I left puss in charge of a good-hearted neighbor, but she preferred her own home, and upon my first return came mewling piteously towards me as if to reproach me for leaving her so long; but she soon got over it and went about the place as usual.

The next week when I came home she mewled even more pitifully than before, and would scarcely leave my sight during the two or three days I remained at home.

At last she understood through some sort of instinct or deep study—I think it was study. She knew when I was going away, and so, one Monday morning she was ready to go, too; but I did not know it until half way over to the railroad station, a distance of about a mile. I chanced to look back and there was kitty trotting close behind me.

Well, I knew it wouldn't do to take a cat to school, and for the first time in my life I spoke crossly to her. I said in as stern a tone as I could command, "Go home!" The cat trembled. She dared not come one step nearer, but she just sat down and mewled after me. I could hear her until I had left her looking like a far-away speck in the middle of the road. My heart ached as I boarded the train, and I had to tell all of my little school folks about it.

The next time pussy met me she did not say a word, but followed me into the house and lay down in my lap with a sad, patient look on her face.

Poor beast! I had to give her away when I left my old home, and it hurt me so, though I knew the new home would be ever so much better for her.

She was restless for a long time, I am told, but grew reconciled at last. I never fail to inquire about her when I have the opportunity, and there is still a warm place in my heart for the cat that loved me so well and served me so faithfully.

Mrs A. E. C. Maskell,
Hardingville, Gloucester Co., N. J.

IT WAS ONLY A CAT.

It was only a cat—black as the ace of spades and with a curiosity that has not yet reached the end of her nine lives—but Mother Belding loves it because she raised it from a kitten and the "girls" gave it its name. Baby makes her home in the kitchen of the Belding House and as there is not room for both, rats and mice make their headquarters elsewhere.

Monday night about midnight Mother Belding heard a commotion in the kitchen. Something was wrong for Baby was cutting up. So she arose from her bed and went to the kitchen to investigate. On opening the door a cloud of smoke nearly overcame her. The kitchen was on fire and poor Baby nearly smothered.

It seems that the wood-box back of the kitchen range had caught fire and the flames had communicated to the walls. With the aid of Mr. Holmes, the burning box was gotten outside and a few pails of water soon quenched the flames, and all was over without the household being alarmed. A few minutes later the fire would have been beyond control. Baby had saved the hotel from destruction.

OCTOBER.

October is, in many parts of our country, one of the most beautiful months of the year. We shall never forget a visit we paid to our White Mountains in October, some years ago. The valleys were as green as in Spring-time, the mountain tops covered with snow, and the foliage gorgeous with the colors of the rainbow; no insects to trouble men or horses as in the warmer months of the year.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

When you dispute with a fool he is certain to be similarly employed.—Ex.

LORD MACAULAY.

"Scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge other than by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we hardly can conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. . . . As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of an humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with his life from the shower of brick-bats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it him well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there, whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. . . . The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and disease. At the Assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. *But on all this misery, society looked with profound indifference.* Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave; which pries into the stores and watercasks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer."

ARIOCH WENTWORTH.

The Ariocho Wentworth Hospital at Dover, N. H., has been opened and in coming years thousands of patients will benefit without thought or care for the past struggles for the wealth and its distribution.

Boston Herald, Sept. 1.

Contrast this with the disposal of the hundreds of millions of Marshall Field and Russell Sage, and say whether the two last names do not deserve to be held as infamous in American history as was the name of Benedict Arnold at the time of our American Revolution.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ORDER OF THE SMILING FACE.

We've formed a new society—
The Order of the Smiling Face.
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth drop down,
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show,
For if the angry tears arise
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And if it seems a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see,
Make up your mind to join to-day.
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

Catholic Messenger.

"HAVE YOU HAD ANY FAILURES IN YOUR LIFE?"

In an account of our life published in our September issue from a Detroit paper, we find this question put to us: "Have you had any failures in your life, Mr. Angell?" and our answer in substance that we could not think of any, the motto of our life being "*Nil desperandum*" ("Never despair"), but we have had quite a number of adventures which might have been failures. The first time we addressed the State Teachers' Association of Massachusetts (it was at Worcester) our subject was thought to be of so little importance that only a few minutes was allotted to us at nine o'clock in the evening of the last day of the convention, when, as the teachers were about to put on their hats and coats, the president announced that we wanted to speak a few minutes on "Cruelty to Animals," and the teachers, being pretty well tired out, received the announcement with an almost universal shout of laughter. We stepped onto the platform and said that although the work was at present new, we had already had the pleasure of addressing some very important audiences in our own country and some in Europe, but had never met with just such a reception before. We said, "You have been talking about Agassiz this evening, the great teacher whose name looms above all other teachers, like Mt. Washington among little hills. Perhaps you are not aware that Agassiz was a firm believer in some form of immortality for the lower creatures. Perhaps you are not aware that hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and other animals are taken out of our cattle trains every year dead or in dying condition, and that any gentleman or lady in this hall is liable on any day of the year to be eating the poisonous meat of these suffering creatures, and that the only effective remedy is to go down to the roots and teach kindness to animals in all our public schools." There was no more laughter. We spoke nearly an hour. Not a person left his or her seat till the close. Then they flocked around us and told us that it was the most important matter that had come before the convention and the superintendent of the Worcester public schools wrote our secretary that he never heard a man say so much in the same length of time in his whole life as we said that night.

Another adventure was when we sat through the whole convention of the great Rock River Methodist Conference at Chicago and finally secured a whole evening to tell them how on the long summer days, when the church bells were ringing, and the people were gathering to pray for God's mercy, tens of thousands of cattle and other animals were standing in those great stock yards within sight of those church spires and sound of those Sabbath bells, from Saturday night until Monday morning without one drop of water. At the close of our address we received a unanimous standing vote of thanks from the whole audience, filling the floor and the galleries.

A third adventure was at the biennial Unitarian Conference at Saratoga where at the previous conference it was impossible for us to get a hearing. We determined that at this next conference we would speak to about a thousand Unitarians gathered from all parts of our country and though the committee decided that they could not give us a moment of time, the committee was over-ruled. We carried out our plan successfully, were thanked by many of our audience and invited to speak from several Unitarian pulpits, in one of which, at Washington, D. C., we had the pleasure of addressing some time later a very large and important audience.

A fourth was at the great Maryland Evangelical Sunday-school Convention held at Baltimore. Every seat in floor and gallery was filled, probably two hundred clergymen on the platform and no entrance except by ticket. They refused to give us one minute to speak of the importance of teaching kind-

ness to animals in the Sunday-schools of Maryland, but as told in our "Autobiographical Sketches," Dwight L. Moody put us onto the platform in the seat reserved for himself and gave us a chance to tell our story to an audience which could not have been more attentive if we had been an angel from heaven instead of only an Angell from Boston.

We might mention other adventures in which we had more or less difficulty, but the foregoing are enough to show that we have not always had smooth sailing and an open sea.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DOCTORS OF HUMANITY.

We have suggested that it might be well to recognize in some way *during their lifetimes* those distinguished for good deeds that have been of value to the public, and that in this connection it might be as proper for our universities and colleges to confer the degree of Doctors of Humanity as of Doctors of Divinity. A friend suggests that this might seem to some as though we were anxious to obtain a degree *ourselves*. When we commenced the organization of the Washington, D. C., Humane Society, our good wife, in company with a Washington lady, called on General Sherman (who, though he afterwards became Vice President of a Humane Society, knew very little about such matters then) and explained to him what we were proposing to do. The old General listened kindly to the explanation and then said, "Oh! I know what he wants. He wants to get some office here in Washington." "Oh, no!" said our good wife, "*He is too old for that.*" He don't care anything about offices now." We excused the General for this remark on the same ground that a Catholic servant-girl in the home of a Lord Bishop of the English Church thought her employer might be saved. He said to her one day, "Bridget, I suppose that you think that I, being a Protestant and a heretic, will be finally lost." "Oh! no, sir," said she, "I doesn't think you'll be lost, sir." "Why not? How can I, a Protestant and a heretic, be saved?" "Because of your *ignorance*, sir," and if we are rightly informed, it is Catholic doctrine that a good Christian of any denomination who, by reason of false education, or invincible ignorance, may not be a member of the visible Church, is not thereby cut off from final salvation, but we excused General Sherman on the same ground for thinking we had come to Washington to get an office.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR BAND OF MERCY BADGE.

Do Not Think Lightly of It.

It is not expensive. It costs but a few cents. But it is not therefore the less valuable. Some of you have bits of ribbon, locks of hair, little pictures that cost but little, yet when you look at them they bring joy, or sadness—sometimes tears to your eyes—and sometimes hopes as broad as eternity to your hearts.

Our country's flag, looked at one way, is only a bit of bunting, but another, it represents a nation of eighty millions of free men, whose poorest boy may become its foremost citizen.

The cross on which Christ was crucified probably cost in those days but a few pennies. But for more than a thousand years in and over every cathedral of the world, and wherever on every continent and island of the ocean church bells have rung and church spires have pointed heavenward, the cross has stood and now stands

"Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathered round its head sublime."

Let no one think lightly of a badge which bears such inscriptions as, "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to All,*" because it costs but little. It is the symbol of the rising of another Star of Bethlehem to shed healing light on the nations, and on all God's dumb creatures as well.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BEAUTY OF THE MORNING.

Oh, the beauty of the morning! It showers its splendors down
From the crimson robes of sunrise, the azure mountain's crown;
It smiles amid the waving fields, it dapples in the streams,
It breathes its sparkling music through the rapture of our dreams.
It floats upon the limpid air in rainbow-clouds of mist,
It ripples through the glowing skies in pearl and amethyst
It gleams in every burnished pool, it riots through the grass,
It splashes waves of glory on the shadows as they pass.
It steals among the nodding trees and to the forest croons
In airy note and gentle voice, 'neath waning plenilunes;
It calls, and lo! the wooded brakes, the hills and tangled fens—
A world of life and mystery—swarm with its denizens.
It trembles in the perfumed breeze, and where its ardor runs,
A thousand light-winged choristers pant forth their orisons;
A thousand echoes clap their hands, and from their dewey beds
A million scarlet-throated flowers peer forth with startled heads.
Oh, the beauty of the morning! It rains upon our ears:
The music of the universe, the chiming of the spheres;
From cloistered wood and leafy vale its tuneful medleys throng,
Till all the earth is drenched in light and all the world in song!

Elisha Safford, in Will Carlton's Magazine, June, 1905.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

If we had space to give and time to write them we could present to our readers, editorial and otherwise, many incidents of college life more or less interesting and amusing. Our examinations in Mathematics at Dartmouth came only once a year and it was pretty hard for some of us, particularly when we had on the examining committee Professor Greenleaf, of Bradford, Mass., the famous arithmetician. The seats of the examining room were arranged very much like pews and the class ahead of ours determined that the college should stand well on their examination, so they nailed up little shelves under some of the seats, and placed on them the text-books, and when a student couldn't make out the answer to the written question it was very easily ascertained from the text-book and there wasn't a single failure in the whole class, and Professor Greenleaf said that he never witnessed such a successful examination in his whole life, that he thought the boys must have had books and carefully examined every one as he went out and there wasn't a book among them. Some one afterwards told the professor and he said he would fix our class, which came next, but in the meantime somebody had told us what he was going to do, so some of our boys bored a few holes with an auger into the cellar and when the first half of our class was being examined a deputation of the second half was seated in the cellar with their books about them and every question that couldn't be answered without was sent down through the auger-holes and returned with the correct answer. When the second half of the class was examined a deputation of the first half went to the cellar and there was not a single failure in the whole class, and after the examination Professor Greenleaf, having examined the boys and the seats, declared that he could find no possible chance of any books having been used. Some years afterwards, when we were in the practice of law, Professor Green-



HARVEST TIME IN NORWAY.

leaf being a client of our partner's, we told him of that wonderful examination.

With us in college was a very bright, intelligent student by the name of Niles, who was so poor that on Commencement Day, when he graduated, he worked nearly all day taking care of horses to help pay his bills. He had never been invited to any of the Faculty's parties, but on Commencement Night went with all the Senior Class to get his share of scalloped oysters and ice-cream at President Lord's reception. As he entered the parlor the president said, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Niles. Allow me to present you to Mrs. Lord." "No, I thank you," said Niles, "I should have been very glad to have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Lord four years ago, but I am going away to-morrow morning so it's hardly worth while." Niles became an eminent lawyer in New York City, Park Commissioner, etc., and was one of the most successful men of his class. We think it is pretty good sense to treat poor students and, in fact, all poor men just as kindly as we treat those who seem to be more fortunate, and after all it is a little difficult to say who are the most fortunate.

When, a few months ago, we presented the Mass. S. P. C. A. silver medals to the representatives of twenty-three great Boston organizations of drivers and teamsters, some came to the presentation with their Sunday clothes and some with their work-day clothes, but we were glad to give the best shake of our hand to all of them without regard to dress, and to tell them that we would gladly give thousands of dollars for the health, strength and sound sleep which probably every one of them enjoyed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Ever after I introduced the teaching of kindness to animals into my school," says M. De Saily, an eminent French school-master, "I found the children not only more kind to animals, but also more kind to each other."

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

At the close of one of our addresses at New Orleans a gentleman rose in the rear of the hall and said that about ten years before, while he was a student at Dartmouth College, we gave an address in the college chapel to the faculty and students on "*The relations of animals that can speak to those that are dumb*," that he had never before in his whole life thought of the subject, but there was no one thought more strongly impressed upon him when he graduated than the importance of teaching children kindness to animals. The gentleman was then assistant superintendent and later superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis, and we felt that if he were the only student who had been influenced by our address, the money and time it cost us to give the address were a good investment.

When we were a student in Dartmouth College, it was one of the customs to have an annual competitive prize shooting, when a large portion of two classes went out with shot-guns to kill birds, squirrels and other live wild creatures within miles of Hanover, the class that shot the largest number to receive a supper at the hotel from the class that shot the least; no one of those college students having had apparently a single thought in regard to the suffering of the birds and other creatures they killed and wounded. We need not say that an enormous change has taken place since that time in regard to the treatment of all the lower orders of creation that depend upon our mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOOD EDITORS KNOW.

Good editors know that a paper which confines itself to *one particular subject* will soon cease to be read by anybody except those who have a special interest in that subject, and *even with these* [unless particularly able] will be more likely to be thrown into the waste basket than be read.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1906.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for
gratuitous distribution only can send us five
cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies,
or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We
cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one
year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper
will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society
sends this paper this month to the editors of
over twenty thousand newspapers and maga-
zines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling
Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges
for its use, but in emergency cases *where they are unable
to do so* the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the
Society, *but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a
police officer or Society agent.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us
subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of
receipts, which is published in each number of our paper,
and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly
credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers
please write again, and on the envelope put the word
"Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read
only a small part of the letters received, and seldom
long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month *new
branches of our Parent Band of Mercy*, making
a total of *sixty-eight thousand seven hundred
and forty-seven.*



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of
Mercy Badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds
we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above
represented. They are very handsome—a white star on
a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare
cost, *five for ten cents*, in money or postage stamps, or
larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to
smaller numbers than five.

FOR HUMANE EDUCATION.

At the September meeting of the directors
of the American Humane Education Society
and the Massachusetts Society for the Pre-
vention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the
19th ult., it was voted that President Angell
be authorized to offer in behalf of our Ameri-
can Humane Education Society a prize of
one thousand dollars for the best theatrical
play of "Black Beauty." It was also voted
to respectfully ask all Boston organizations of
teamsters and drivers and all horse owners to
aid our Massachusetts Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to Animals in endeavoring to
prevent any additional use of asphalt pave-
ments on our business streets.

The whole number of animals examined
in the investigation of complaints since last
report has been 2,556; 199 horses were taken
from work and 123 horses and other animals
were humanely killed.

The total number of Bands of Mercy formed
is 68,747.

CAPT. NATHAN APPLETON.

We regret to announce the death of Capt.
Nathan Appleton, who was for several years a
director of our M. S. P. C. A. and rendered to
it at various times valuable services. Cap-
tain Appleton has been recently contemplat-
ing marriage to an excellent lady with whom
he was proposing to travel in Europe, and
looking forward to a happy old age. We are
sorry that his hopes and anticipations have
been frustrated by his sickness and death.
We trust that, for whatever good he has done
in the world, he may be amply rewarded in
the great hereafter.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUES.

Some time since, our directors of the Mass.
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals voted to appropriate a thousand dollars
to aid in the formation of Animal Rescue
Leagues in Massachusetts cities and towns.
Our treasurer will be glad to pay a hundred
dollars to residents in each of ten Massachu-
setts cities and towns who will raise four hun-
dred dollars for the above object.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:
For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins,
Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.
For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson,
Worcester, 3 Stafford Street. Tel. 288-3.
For South-Eastern Massachusetts—Henry A.
Perry, Mansfield.
For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—
Charles A. Currier, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan,
James R. Hathaway, Charles F. Clark, James
Duckering, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips;
Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19
Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred
unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities
and towns who render us more or less service.

WE DOUBT.

It seems to be well established that cruelty
inflicted upon animals shortly before their
death makes their meats more or less poisonous,
and that cruelty or suffering to animal
mothers at any time may make their milk
more or less dangerous. On a hot August
afternoon we have been looking at some
cattle grazing on a low piece of land where
they seem to be constantly tormented with
flies and other insects, keeping their tails,
their feet and their noses in constant motion
in their endeavor to protect themselves, and
we wonder whether some of the sufferings of
children do not come from the sufferings of
these creatures upon whose milk they are fed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEED OF UNMUZZLED DOGS.

The great increase of murders and outrages
in this country, and the use of bicycles and
automobiles by criminals, will soon make it
necessary for farmers and persons living in
solitary and exposed places, and many others,
to keep powerful unmuzzled dogs for the pro-
tection of themselves, their wives, families and
property; also make it necessary for police
authorities to employ dogs to track and pursue
criminals.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION REFORM SOCIETY.

There come to our table on Aug. 27 certain
papers showing the formation of a Vivi-
section Reform Society, incorporated under
the laws of the United States, of which the
president is David H. Cochrane, Ph.D., LL.D.,
and late President of the Polytechnic Insti-
tute of Brooklyn, N. Y., its secretary, Sid-
ney Richmond Tabor, 532 Monadnock Block,
Chicago, and treasurer, Alfred Millard, U. S.
National Bank, Omaha, Neb., and among
its officers are his Eminence Cardinal James
Gibbons, Prof. Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. and
LL.D., Hon Jacob M. Gallinger, M.D. and
U. S. Senator, Hon. A. N. Waterman, ex-
judge of Illinois Appellate Court, and various
others. Its object is not the total abolition
of vivisection but its restriction within what
they consider to be reasonable limits, and
here is one of the various letters printed in
the papers received from various physicians:

"I heartily approve of the bill for an 'act
to regulate scientific experimentation upon
human beings and animals in the State of
Illinois.' There can be no objection to such
reasonable experimentation upon living crea-
tures as may be necessary to the advance of
medical science, and the bill above-named
will be resisted only by men who wish for free
license to indulge the brutal inclinations of a
coarse and unmerciful heart. I believe that
we are threatened with the education of a
class of men who are to view pain, sickness
and death in the cold, unsympathetic light
of science, and are to regard their fellowmen
as 'cases' to be studied, dissected and investi-
gated without any sense of moral responsi-
bility. If ordinary vivisection is an inex-
cusable cruelty to animals, it is an incalcul-
able injury to the young men who see it. It
teaches them to behold without compassion
the most aggravated misery and acute an-
guish. The man who can laugh or even
smile at the agony of a dog will in time come
to look with equal indifference upon the
misery of the men and women who surround
him. No one can read of Montegazza's 'ex-
periments' performed upon pregnant and
nursing animals with the machine of his own
contriving, and which he called his 'Tor-
mentor,' without blushing for the medical
profession. No man who could do with an
animal what certain well-known physiologists
did with monkeys is morally fit to enter the
chamber of sickness and death as a trusted
friend and physician.

"I know whereof I speak, for I was myself
educated as a physician. I graduated from
the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the
City of New York. I have seen vivisections
and I know how unspeakably cruel most of
them are, and I know also how unnecessary a
large number of them are."

Frederic Rowland Marvin, M.D., of Albany.

We have been told of the country clergy-
man who asked one of his deacons why it was
that when he preached the deacon almost
always went to sleep, but when a stranger
preached, always kept wide awake. The
deacon replied:

"When you preach, Elder, I know it is all
right, but when we have a stranger, I think
he may need watching."

We would kindly suggest to the New York
Society's members who read our paper, that
its editor may need watching.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would remember to tie up his dog.—*Our Little Ones.*

A CLEVER LONDON DOG.

A little skye terrier in London who very often went to ride with his mistress in cabs, decided one day to take a little stroll all by himself.

He went quite a long distance from his well-known streets and soon found that he had lost his way.

After running up one street and down another for some time, and then stopping still and trying to remember which way he had come, he suddenly had a very bright idea. There were some cabs. Why should he not ride home, as he always did with his mistress?

No sooner thought than done. He jumped up into a hansom cab and when the cabman got down off his seat and came around to look at him, he saw that he had on a silver collar. On that collar was his name and address. The cabman drove to that number and found the mistress, who had been anxiously hunting for him. Imagine her surprise when she saw her little doggie riding home alone in a cab. Wasn't he smart? If a dog can have presence of mind this little skye had it.—*E.*

A HERO.

[We take the following from an English paper:]

"At a meeting in Bolton Town Hall Saturday, Lord Stanley, M. P., presented in behalf of 'The Humane Society,' a collar and silver medal to a fine, sagacious Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. Edge, of the Oddfellows' Arms, which had saved a child (a playmate of the animal) from being run over by a tram-car. The incident was vouched for by a number of witnesses, including the driver of the car, who watched the animal carry the little one back to the footpath. A magnificent framed photo of the dog (5 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in., executed by Mr. Proctor) was hung behind the mayor's chair and the animal itself was placed on the table, where it could be seen by the whole company. Lord

Stanley placed the collar with the society's silver medal attached around the dog's neck, and as his lordship and the mayor gave it a commendatory patting, the animal, which has a reputation for extraordinary sagacity, seemed to realize its individual importance. It was stated that the Humane Society had no similar case on record. Since the episode Mr. Edge has had many offers (including one of £50) for the dog, but has declined to part with it."



A HAPPY FAMILY.

DOG SAVES TWO LIVES.

Mongrel Rescues Mrs. Meyers and Daughter from Drowning and Will Live on Dainties.

New York, August 15.—A mongrel dog proved himself braver than twenty men at Bath Beach yesterday afternoon and for the rest of the year he will eat nothing but dainties provided by the man whose wife and daughter he saved from drowning.

The dog was playing on "Captain's Pier" with a score of men watching him, when screams for help were heard from the water a hundred yards off the dock. Mrs. Mamie Meyers, thirty-one years old and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Minnie, two cottagers on Coney Island Avenue, Sheephead Bay, were rowing a skiff to the beach and had overturned the boat trying to exchange seats.

The child had sunk when the mother's cry was heard. Twenty men on the pier began rushing about giving orders, though not one was brave enough to swim out to the rescue. The dog leaped into the water at the first cry for help and breasted the waves rapidly toward the drowning woman and child, sending forth sharp little barks of encouragement as he approached.

The girl had sunk for the last time as he reached her. The dog dived, caught her dress in his teeth, and, with his unconscious burden, swam to shore.

It is no light task for a strong man to swim one hundred yards with a dead weight to pull him down, and the dog was nearly exhausted when the men dragged the girl from him in shallow water.

But he did not give up. Turning about, he swam out again to where Mrs. Meyers was struggling to keep her head above water, and, clutching the neck of her dress, he kept her afloat three minutes until men put out in a rowboat and took both woman and dog aboard.

It was two hours before mother and child were restored to consciousness.

Charles Meyers, the husband of the rescued woman, went down to the pier and tried to buy the dog from William C. Shields, a boatman. Shields refused to sell. Then Meyers gave Shields \$50 for himself and a like amount for the dog, with the injunction that every cent be spent in buying food that best tickles the canine palate.

DOG PATIENT AT PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

Some one sends the following interesting account, underneath which is written "The Springfield Republican":

The physicians at the Pennsylvania Hospital were called upon to perform an operation on a unique patient. He was a little brown collie pup and had broken a leg. The dog came to the gates of the hospital and when one of the physicians appeared at the gate limped over to him and began to bark and yelp. The doctor picked up the dog and discovered that one of its forelegs was broken.

A rule of the Pennsylvania Hospital is to refuse no one treatment that applies at its door. The dog was taken into the receiving ward. The doctors operated on the leg and placed it in splints.

PRINCE AND THE DOVE POLLY.

A True Story.

Written for Our Dumb Animals, by Rev. C. C. Carpenter.

And who is Prince? Prince is a large black and white dog of the shepherd strain, with a fine, handsome face, and as good a disposition as dog or man ever had. And Polly is a beautiful white dove, with the pinkest toes and feet, bright eyes and a pretty arching neck. It is of these two that I write a true story, every word of it, and Prince and Polly can be seen any day, just as I describe them, at the farmhouse of Mr. Cary Carpenter in Bolton, Connecticut.

About a year ago Polly for the first time came to the place from no one knows where, but evidently she liked her new home, and instead of going off for a mate as doves are wont to do, she soon began to show an unusual interest in Prince, and made him her companion and friend. In the early spring as one morning I was approaching the farmhouse, but some distance away, in the edge of the woods, I found Prince on the top of a rail fence sniffing up a hollow apple tree where squirrels had passed the winter, and there not two feet from him was Polly keeping watch over the proceedings. Later I often saw that when Prince attended his master in excursions across the fields or to the neighbors, Polly invariably went along, flying this way and that, and alighting at the end on building or fence, but always near her companion Prince. Each morning when the door of the house is opened Polly is there to make her daily visit, and if Prince, as sometimes happens, is lying across the threshold, she hops upon his back and rests awhile before entering.

A little while since, Mr. Carpenter called his wife to the door to see a pretty picture, for there was Prince half lying down, in the attitude called couchant, and Polly between his fore paws and nestling under his shaggy breast.

Strangest of all is their way of showing affection for each other. Sometimes when Prince is stretched upon the ground and trying to sleep, Polly will walk round him, stopping every second to peck his tail or his foot, and when this has been repeated a few times, Prince lifts his head, opens his big mouth and takes Polly into it, and yet so gently that he does not ruffle a feather, and Polly does not exhibit the slightest fear. When I see the perfect confidence that Polly has in Prince I think that if all children were good not only to the doves but to all the birds, perhaps some time their fear would be outgrown, and they would come to us for food or kindness and be more than they are to-day our intimate and loving companions.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

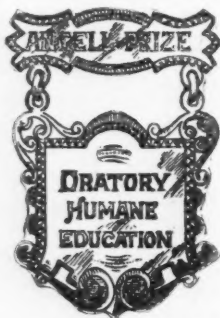
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rowsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever! What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!'"

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead-lined tanks.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

(From *Boston Globe* of August 13.)

BOSTON COMMON AND PUBLIC GARDEN.

It is probable that never before in mid-August did these two public pleasure grounds wear such a look of vernal freshness, with such an abundance of flower and foliage. This is due to the unprecedentedly long-continued spell of rain, mist and fog.

Nor was the enjoyment confined or restricted to human visitors alone. Sportive squirrels, cooing doves, whistling robins, chattering sparrows and even a few blackbirds had their share.

Between the squirrels, the pigeons and the sparrows and the citizens on the Common and the Public Garden there has long existed a friendly familiarity which is the admiration of every tourist visiting Boston. The rudest and most thoughtless lad or lassie, school child or working boy, long since "cut out" entirely from his or her list of sports annoying or pestering the natural denizens, furred or feathered, that have their summer habitat on the Common and the Public Garden. They find greater fun in feeding these pretty creatures directly out of the hand, and in enjoying their frank confidence in the real goodness of the juvenile heart as illustrated in this phase of conduct of Boston boys and girls.

The above statement of the *Boston Globe* shows one of the results of our Bands of Mercy in all the public and parochial schools of our city. GEO. T. ANGELL.

DO NOT WAIT.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a weeping brother's eyes,
Share them. Yes, and by the sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

"If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
"For both grief and joy a place."
There is goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?



FIVE ACRES IN APPLE TREES WILL SUPPORT A PROSPEROUS HOME;

(Used by kind permission of "Collier's Weekly," New York City.)

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All-enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So until its happy end
You shall never lack a friend.

IN PATROLMAN'S ARMS.

"Mad Dog" Was Carried to Police Station 11.
Half-Starved Animal Gave Dorchester People a Fright.

Another supposed mad-dog scare, the second within a week, aroused the residents of Waldeck Street, Dorchester, about nine this morning. Captain Hunt of division 11 about that hour received a telephone message from a resident of Waldeck Street, informing him that a mad dog was running loose through the streets.

The informant said that the dog was chasing people, snapping at their heels, and somebody was likely to be bitten unless the police killed the dog.

Two patrolmen were sent on the run to Waldeck Street, but a few minutes' journey from the station house. They were met by an excited group of men and boys, the majority of whom claimed that they barely escaped the dog's fangs.

The dog, a valuable hound, was lying exhausted in the middle of the road. He appeared to be completely played out. He was covered with mud and dust and to all appearances had not eaten for a week. As the officer approached, the dog with a great effort raised himself to a sitting position and feebly wagged his tail.

Both policemen easily saw that the dog was looking for something to eat more than to bite anybody. They approached him cautiously, however, and when within reach one of them caught him by the collar. He made no effort to get away.

He was carried in the arms of the patrolman to station 11, where he was given something to eat and allowed to rest.

On his collar was the name of G. I. Noden, 22 Nonantum Street, Newton, with the license number. The Newton police were notified, as the animal was a valuable one, and all he needed was good treatment to bring him around.

Several days ago the residents of the same district gave the police a scare by a mad dog call. Before they arrived a prominent veterinary surgeon who lives in Dorchester saw the dog. He examined him and found that the dog had indigestion. He took him in his carriage to his home.

Several times since the first of the summer Dorchester people have complained to the police about dogs. In nearly every case there was found to be something the matter with the dog, but so far as the "mad dog" part of it was concerned, and people being in danger of being bitten, the police could find no trouble.—*Boston Globe*.

As we have said several times before, we have had in past years quite a number of cases of alleged hydrophobia examined by our agents, who never found in a single instance a genuine case of the disease, and we have many times been to our State House and City Hall to prevent the muzzling of dogs and have never in a single instance failed to satisfy the committee that there was no need of such muzzling. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEW CHINESE ARMY.

First-Lieutenant Donald Stewart, Jr., formerly of the English army, and who served under Lord Kitchener during the Egyptian campaign at Khartoum, Egypt, in 1878-79, is now in Washington, recruiting American soldiers for service in the Chinese army, which will number, when the organization is complete, more than a million men.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

68264 Cleveland, Ohio. Sowinski Sch. Bands. Div. 10. P., Clifford Wise.	68303 Div. 13. P., Rudolph Deutell.	68343 Div. 14. P., Melania Cadisch.	68384 Div. 30. P., Edward Lee.	68422 East Harwich, Mass. East Harwich School Bands. Div. 1. P., G. O. Marsan.
68265 Div. 11. P., Evelyn Smith.	68304 Div. 14. P., Fanny Lefkovitz.	68344 Div. 15. P., William Lohrey.	68385 Mayflower School Bands Div. 1. P., Charles Russo.	68423 Div. 2. P., S. A. Doane.
68266 Div. 12. P., Raymond Parr.	68305 Div. 15. P., Robina Hutton.	68345 Div. 16. P., Everett Smith.	68386 Div. 2. P., Harvey Dier.	68424 Harwichport, Mass. Div. 1. P., Mabel J. Hunter.
68267 Div. 13. P., Arthur Martin.	68306 Div. 16. P., Sam Wohl.	68346 Div. 17. P., Dorothy Leek.	68387 Div. 3. P., Rebecca Schwartz.	68425 Div. 2. P., A. S. Baker.
68268 Div. 14. P., Arthur Crofts.	68307 Div. 17. P., Miss Goldstein.	68347 Div. 18. P., Vernon Schnee.	68388 Div. 4. P., Abe Wolkoff.	68426 West Harwich, Mass. W. Harwich Sch. Bands. Div. 1. P., E. Louise Hopkins.
68269 Div. 15. P., Eddie Hertz.	68308 Div. 18. P., Miss Branigan.	68348 Div. 19. P., Eugene Beutler.	68389 Div. 5. P., Hattie Zipkin.	68427 Div. 2. P., H. E. Ellis.
68270 Div. 16. P., Irene Konrad.	68309 Div. 19. P., Miss McGrath.	68349 Div. 20. P., Ernest Schult.	68390 Div. 6. P., Sarah Komer.	68428 No. Harwich, Mass. No. Harwich School Band. P., Mary A. Bassett.
68271 Div. 17. P., Mildred Eckert.	68310 Bolton School. Div. 1. P., Sherman Whipple.	68350 Div. 21. P., David James.	68391 Div. 7. P., Nathan Suid.	68429 Harwich, Mass. Pleasant Lake School Band. P., Sara J. Collagan
68272 Div. 18. P., Jasper Hendershot.	68311 Div. 2. P., Jack Wolcott.	68351 Div. 22. P., Mildred Rieter.	68392 Div. 8. P., Celia Rosenfeld.	68430 Orleans, Mass. High School Bands. Div. 1. P., Loring G. Williams.
68273 Denison School Bands. Div. 1. P., Glela Semple.	68312 Div. 3. P., Burnis Ritchie.	68352 Div. 23. P., Roland Taylor.	68393 Div. 9. P., Benny Cohen.	68431 Div. 2. P., Miss Hattie Williams.
68274 Div. 2. P., Vernon Platt.	68313 Div. 4. P., George McCormick.	68353 Div. 24. P., Robert Busch.	68394 Div. 10. P., Hinda Maskowitz.	68432 Div. 3. P., Sara F. Hooper.
68275 Div. 3. P., Gertrude Fisch.	68314 Div. 5. P., Edytha David.	68354 Div. 25. P., Charles Samuels.	68395 Div. 11. P., Samuel Klein.	68433 Div. 4. P., Lulu P. Hayes.
68276 Div. 4. P., Helen Walter.	68315 Div. 6. P., Paul Wetzel.	68355 Brownell School Bands. Div. 1. P., Maude Sisson.	68396 Div. 12. P., Morris Melletsk.	68434 Brewster, Mass. High School Bands Div. 1. P., Mr. Bates.
68277 Div. 5. P., Evelyn Barnes.	68316 Div. 7. P., Howard Grady.	68356 Div. 2. P., Winifred Dunkin.	68397 Div. 13. P., William Rosenfeld.	68435 Div. 2. P., Miss Hall.
68278 Div. 6. P., David Wing.	68317 Div. 8. P., Adele Zeman.	68357 Div. 3. P., Leonard Weitz.	68398 Div. 14. P., Myer Goldstein.	68436 Div. 3. P., Miss Crocker.
68279 Div. 7. P., Edward Stannard.	68318 Div. 9. P., Marguerite Cheney.	68358 Div. 4. P., Alger Hall.	68399 Div. 15. P., Peter Goodman.	68437 Div. 4. P., Miss Long.
68280 Div. 8. P., Robert Davis.	68319 Div. 10. P., Mary Lavery.	68359 Div. 5. P., Glenn Belford.	68400 Div. 16. P., Jane Levenson.	68438 Chatham, Mass. High School Band. P., Robert Cushman.
68281 Div. 9. P., Victor Teeple.	68320 Div. 11. P., Carl David.	68360 Div. 6. P., Estella Morron.	68401 Div. 17. P., Mannie Horwitz.	68439 Center School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Slavin.
68282 Div. 10. P., Archer Bailey.	68321 Div. 12. P., Margaret Sherwood.	68361 Div. 7. P., Dave Gruchausky.	68402 Div. 18. P., Raymond Kopper- man.	68440 Div. 2. P., Miss Springer
68283 Div. 11. P., Silas Crassman.	68322 Div. 13. P., Edward Horr.	68362 Div. 8. P., Joe Rinella.	68403 Div. 19. P., Leo Weil.	68441 Div. 3. P., Miss Smith.
68284 Div. 12. P., Ruth Gottfried.	68323 Div. 14. P., Clarence Henderson.	68363 Div. 9. P., Herbert Bartlett.	68404 Div. 20. P., Sally Levy.	68442 North Chatham, Mass. No. Chatham Band. P., Katherine Slavin.
68285 Div. 13. P., Henry Heidt.	68324 Div. 15. P., Arthur Watkins.	68364 Div. 10. P., Henry MacDonald.	68405 Div. 21. P., Barthe Garber.	68443 Chathamport, Mass. Chathamport Band. P., Lura A. Stokes.
68286 Div. 14. P., Ralph Krochle.	68325 Div. 16. P., Kent Smith.	68365 Div. 11. P., George Lange.	68406 Div. 22. P., Rubin Lampert.	68444 Chatham, Mass. Atwood School Band. P., Miss Effie M. Ryder.
68287 Div. 15. P., Mabel Painting.	68326 Div. 17. P., William Pope.	68366 Div. 12. P., Sophie Vendeland.	68407 Div. 23. P., Alexan Brien.	68445 West Chatham, Mass. West Chatham Band. P., Rosena Gould.
68288 Div. 16. P., Flora Putnam.	68327 Div. 18. P., Ralph Leavenworth.	68367 Div. 13. P., Reveley Beattie.	68408 Div. 24. P., Leo Amster.	68446 South Chatham, Mass. South Chatham School Bands. Div. 1. P., Mabel S. Sias.
68289 Div. 17. P., Elsie Hausler.	68328 Div. 19. P., Parvin Russell.	68368 Div. 14. P., Mike Dibenedetto.	68409 Div. 25. P., Joe Moritz.	68447 Div. 2. P., M. A. Howes.
68290 Div. 18. P., Clarence Ward.	68329 Div. 20. P., Sterling Graham.	68369 Div. 15. P., Hazel Foster.	68410 Div. 26. P., Sam Friedman.	68448 Chatham, Mass. Village School Band. P., Miss Edith Eldridge.
68291 Harmon School Bands. Div. 1. P., Samuel Weissman.	68330 East Madison School Bands. Div. 1. P., Frances Wolfkill.	68370 Div. 16. P., Ruth Ellam.	68411 Div. 27. P., Ralph Hart.	68449 Dennisport, Mass. Dennisport School Bands Div. 1. P., S. A. Hayward.
68292 Div. 2. P., Benjamin Nidel.	68331 Div. 2. P., Earle Manzelman.	68371 Div. 17. P., Tony Palumbo.	68412 Div. 28. P., Morris Friedman.	
68293 Div. 3. P., Sadie Davis.	68332 Div. 3. P., John Masterson.	68372 Div. 18. P., Harry Fitzpatrick.	68413 Div. 29. P., Harold Kaufman.	
68294 Div. 4. P., Peter Chertoff.	68333 Div. 4. P., Clarence Dremer.	68373 Div. 19. P., Hellen Gamble.	68414 Div. 30. P., Norman Woldman.	
68295 Div. 5. P., Allie Mendelson.	68334 Div. 5. P., Fred Schmell.	68374 Div. 20. P., Mary Amor.	68415 Lanesboro, Minn. Loving Workers Band. P., Miss Mabel Williams	
68296 Div. 6. P., Isadore Asadowsky.	68335 Div. 6. P., Edwin Hornung.	68375 Div. 21. P., Abe Potiker.	68416 Kanona, N. Y. Epworth Band. P., Miss Marie Mc- Chesney.	
68297 Div. 7. P., Rose Harris.	68336 Div. 7. P., Frank Anthony.	68376 Div. 22. P., Emma Wiedemann.	68417 Georgetown, Ill. Georgetown Band. P., Mahala Buchanan.	
68298 Div. 8. P., Sam Abramson.	68337 Div. 8. P., Earl Thomas.	68377 Div. 23. P., Anna Cohn.	68418 Harwich, Mass. High School Band. P., Mr. Chas. A. Guild.	
68299 Div. 9. P., Bennie Friedman.	68338 Div. 9. P., George Bartels.	68378 Div. 24. P., John Rini.	68419 Center School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. W. Page.	
68300 Div. 10. P., Joe Goldstein.	68339 Div. 10. P., Norma Yarkraus.	68379 Div. 25. P., Dora Groseman.	68420 Div. 2. P., M. L. Morrison.	
68301 Div. 11. P., Rose Sandrowitz.	68340 Div. 11. P., Helge Norling.	68380 Div. 26. P., Joseph Charles.	68421 Div. 3. P., E. S. Taylor.	
68302 Div. 12. P., Esther Weiss.	68341 Div. 12. P., Myrtle Muehl- haeusla.	68381 Div. 27. P., Lucille Steenan.		
	68342 Div. 13. P., Stanley Crandell.	68382 Div. 28. P., Mary O'Connor.		
		68383 Div. 29. P., Wallace Barrow.		

CATTLE TRANSPORTATION.

Our last Congress enacted a law [which we tried to prevent] giving cattle owners the right to send their cattle closely packed in cattle cars over our American railroads *thirty-six hours without food, water or rest*, and so millions of animals [it may be] will be compelled to endure terrible suffering, and meat-eaters will run the risk of their diseased and dangerous meat.

The following poem tells in verse the true story told its writer [the Rev. J. S. Cutler] by a fisherman on the coast of Maine.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE OLD BROWN COW.

A Tale of the Maine Coast.

Hark, do you hear that moaning off there in the fog and the mirk?—
The whistling buoy, I s'pose you think, doing its lonesome work;
Well, it ain't just that, now, stranger,—of course you'll only laugh,
But the thing you hear is "The Old Brown Cow" calling her murdered calf.

Why do we call such a lonely ledge by such a peculiar name?—
Well, if you care to hear it, I'll tell you the way it came;—
On the charts they call it something else—I don't just get it now—
But we old islanders always call that ledge "The Old Brown Cow."

And this is the way that the thing came round:—
some twenty years ago—
(It don't seem more than yesterday, the years do hurry so)
Old Sid Collamore, one fine day, sailed somewhere off to the main,
And brought a cow and a fine young calf, when he sailed back again.

They said, I think, she was Her'ford, or some such a fancy breed,—
Old Collamore said he bought her cheap—you could trust old Sid for greed—
But no mistake she was handsome, and kind as a kitten, too,
And the calf was simply a beauty, and goodness! how he grew!

We'd never had a cow before on our little island, sir,
And so we learned to love the beast, and we made a pet of her;
And the fishermen's children used to go and play with the calf all day,
And there wasn't a child in the blooming lot more full than that calf with play.

'Twas good for sore eyes to see them, and hear them in their glee,
And "Old Brownie," as we called her, was happy as cow could be;—
But, Old Sid, gosh! that man would sell his soul for a dollar bill,
And get the best of the bargain, too, why, man, he was mean as swill.

And so he figgered the matter out like this, as fine as silk,
He 'lowed he'd kill and eat the calf, and then he could sell the milk;
And so he slaughtered that bossy, and that night when the cow came home,
She took on awful, and all that night you could hear that critter moan.

Just like that whistling buoy moans off there in the undertow,—
Listen, the wind's arising fast, and the tide's begun to flow;—
We'll have a storm by the mornin'—and a corker, I'll bet my hat;—
There's always music along the shore when the "Old Cow" lows like that.

Well, you know, that cow went crazy—as mad as a mad March hare;
She'd smell of the hide on the picket-fence, and stand and moan and stare;



THE COASTGUARD AND A WRECKED VESSEL.

And then she'd bolt like a porpoise up through the fields like mad,—
And fences! shiver my timbers! that cow had wings, she had.

Old Sid he started to catch her, but she caught Old Sid instead,
And she pitched him over the fish-flakes, Jiminy! how he bled!
Then she bolted straight up the island, and stood on the bluff all day,
And talked with the whistling buoy there, on the ledges in the bay.

She thought 'twas her calf a-calling, and she answered him every moan,
And it simply made your heart ache to see her there alone;
But nobody dared go near her, since she used Old Sid that way,
And so we left her all to herself, as long as she cared to stay.

And there she stayed on the headland, and bellowed the whole night long,—
Only a cow?—I know it, but the whole blamed thing was wrong;—
Perhaps she hadn't a soul, like us, and she played a humbler part,
But when you murder her baby, sir, a cow has a mother's heart.

Well, sir, when the night fog lifted, the brown cow wasn't there,—
And we never saw her any more, tho' we looked for her everywhere;
Over the cliff, in the darkness, she must have taken a fall,
Trying to get as near as she could to her lost calf's mournful call.

* * * * *
That isn't the whole of the story, for one bleak November day
That very fall, in his little sloop, Old Collamore sailed away,
Out through the reefs and the cloud-wrack,—the wind blew stiff, in squalls,
But Old Sid Collamore didn't care, there were cod-fish on his trawls.

All day long we could see his boat a-beating about the bay;
All day long he was pulling trawls,—and, faith! 'twas a nasty day;
And the night fell, black as a coal pit, and thick with whirling snow,

And we saw the "Dolphin" beating in, far out in the after-glow.

But the vessel never reached the land, for the wind just screamed off shore,
And the foam-white rollers tumbled in with regular earthquake roar;
Feather white on the ledges, all froth on the fretting sand,—
We kept our beacons ablaze all night, but she never came to land.

In the low spring tides the gunners went, one day when the ledge was bare,
A-gunning, out to the "Old Brown Cow," and they found the "Dolphin" there;
Crushed, and mangled, and twisted, and everything washed away,
But the keel, and ballast, and anchor, and a strand of the chain bob-stay.

Then we knew the boat's misfortune, and we knew the old man's doom;
He had met his fate on the "Old Brown Cow," and the ocean was his tomb;
She had tossed him high on her cruel horns, she had scattered his wealth like chaff;
She had wrought her will, in her own rough way, on the man who killed her calf.

No, we never found his body, sir, for the sea is wide and deep,
And once it pulls you down below, it has got you there to keep;
And, for all we know to the contr'y, Old Sid is out there now,
In every smother to be tossed up on the horns of the "Old Brown Cow."

It ain't just pleasant to think about, a thing that was once a man,
With his bones all draped with seaweed out there by that whistling can,—
Especially when the island just shakes with the breaker's tread,—
But there he is, and there he'll stay, till the sea gives up its dead.

I guess that's the whole of the story,—only we fishermen now
Grow kinder thoughtful and silent, when we come sailing in by "The Cow,"—
And tho' some land-lubber jokes us, you never will hear a laugh,
When we hear, in the fog and the darkness, the "Old Cow" calling her calf.

Hark! how that buoy bellows, in the swing of the rising sea!
This night, you bet, in the harbor is a good safe place to be;
So I'll put out another anchor, and here to-night I'll stay,
For a man's a fool to put out to sea, when the "Old Cow" roars that way.

Julian S. Cutler.

Little Falls, N. Y.

MISS P.'S DEED OF MERCY.

By Harriet Francene Crocker.

When Miss P. made up her mind to do a thing it was done. So when she was sitting on the front porch of her pretty rose-covered cottage one hot summer day, and looked up the street and saw advancing toward her a great flock of sheep, a plan came into her head which proved important.

The mass came sweeping past the pretty cottage, sending clouds of California dust over the cypress hedge upon the beds of scarlet verbenas and into Miss P.'s very face, but Miss P. never moved. Her soft eyes, full of compassion, gazed out upon that patient throng of creatures, and a look of pain swept across her face as the poor things tried eagerly to catch a mouthful of the fresh, green grass which formed Miss P.'s well-kept border just outside the path. The horse-back rider urged them on, and on they hurried, huddling their fleecy dust-brown backs together till it seemed as though one might walk across that living flood. Behind the great flock came the usual accompaniment—the wagon in which the lame and exhausted sheep were carried by the herders—and as Miss P. looked one faltered and fell, rose feebly and was picked up and placed in the wagon with the others.

When the last cloud of dust had settled, Miss P. smiled to herself an odd little smile. "It's a queer thing to do, maybe, but it's no one's business but my own, and if I choose to do missionary work in front of my own house instead of away off in heathen lands I'm going to do it."

Miss P. took the three o'clock car into the city and visited a certain place of business on a bustling street, held a half-hour's conference with the proprietor, looked over numerous catalogues, talked prices and then took her departure. Not for home, however. To an up-town office in a great block she next made her way; then, as the summer twilight was gathering, sought her corner and waited for her car.

Miss P.'s life was lonely. Something seemed always lacking to make it quite complete. She would not admit it, even to herself, for the owner of that resolute mouth and chin, and that firm, independent way, could never confess that aught was lacking to make her comfort complete. She was not rich—only "comfortably fixed," as the neighbors said. Her father, dying a few years before, had left her the neat little cottage and the fruit orchard behind it, which supplied not only her but many of the neighbors with choice fruit. For Miss P. was nothing if not neighborly, although there was always a certain dignity and reserve about her that forbade the approach of the too-familiar. People wondered why she was at forty still unmarried. She must have had a "disappointment," they said, though Miss P. looked least likely of women to have had a romance.

One morning, a great dray drawn by four horses toiled along the dusty road and pulled up at the little white gate under Miss P.'s cypress arch. Neighbors began to wonder and conjecture and to neglect the cooking of their noonday meals, when Miss P.'s blue sun-bonnet, having duly peered over into the wagon and inspected its contents, withdrew into the house, and the men who had come with the dray began to lift and tug at a queer, long, stone something in the wagon.

Old Mrs. Green peered through the blinds of the next house and called out excitedly, "Maria, come here this minute! I do believe

Miss P.'s went an' had her own coffin made, or a sarcophagus or somethin'."

But, Maria, leaning interestedly over the old lady's shoulder, said, "Pshaw, mother, 'tain't no such thing! Looks a heap more like a watering-trough to me."

And so in course of time it proved to be. "Just like one of her queer notions," said one. "But it'll be a blessin' to poor dumb brutes, just the same," said another, and a third neighbor declared that nothing on earth could tempt her to have a public watering-trough put up in front of her house.

The men within a mile around thought it was just the thing, and began to wonder why they hadn't taken up a collection and got one themselves long ago.

But when in a few days a handsome iron drinking-fountain was brought out from the city and set up at one end of the long stone trough, and a bright tin cup was chained thereto, people said, "Well, Miss P. does beat all for doing deeds of mercy!"

And the lady in question, sitting on her vine-wreathed porch, said to herself as she watched the thirsty children stopping on their way home from school in the hot summer afternoons, "I really couldn't spare that hundred and fifty dollars very well, but I can do without the new matting I was going to get, and I'm going to make over my best dress and pinch along awhile to make up for it, and a dollar a month extra water tax won't be very much. Anyhow I'm going to enjoy it."

And she did enjoy it. What a pleasure it was the next time a flock of sheep came through to see the thirsty creatures crowd and push around the low stone trough, full to the brim with clear, cold water, and how eagerly the jaded horses drooped their heads forward to the welcome draught. And no less satisfied was she to see the dusty sheep-men lift awkwardly their wide sombreros as they dismounted and caught a glimpse of her before they drank cupful after cupful from the iron fountain.

All this filled Miss P.'s queer soul with intense satisfaction. "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water"—she thought to herself, "maybe it's just as much a deed of mercy as to send money to the heathen."

One morning Miss P., as was her custom, worked among her flowers, digging around the rose-trees with her little hoe, turning up the earth with her trowel, and tying up a sagging vine here and there. Suddenly she heard down the road the unmistakable herald of an approaching herd of cattle—the confused lowing of a hundred plunging and plodding cows mingled with the whistles and peculiar cries and calls of the attendant cowboys, who in wide felt sombreros and picturesque attire rode at each side of the moving mass of tossing horns and rough-coated bodies.

Miss P. dropped her garden tools and went up the steps to the porch. It was the way she paid herself for the expense and trouble of setting up the drinking place—this quiet enjoyment of hers in the eagerness and satisfaction of the poor creatures weary with the travel of many miles over dusty roads.

As she sat thus, looking out across the cypress hedge upon the surging crowd of cattle, a panic-stricken child pushed open the gate and ran up the walk. "Oh, Miss P.," she cried out shrilly, "let me come where you are! I'm afraid of the cows!"

Miss P. rose and went down the steps. How womanly and tender she looked as she reached a hand down to the little girl and smiled reassuringly. The cattle were crowding around the long, stone trough and a dark-eyed, weather-bronzed cowboy leaned from his mustang and helped himself to a drink from the fountain. As he did so he heard the child's frightened cry and saw the pretty, womanly little picture. As he drank he studied the woman's face furtively from the shadow of his wide sombrero, and a sudden look of wonder seemed to come into his deep eyes. But he assisted the others in keeping the struggling herd under control, and finally, after all were satisfied, helped to start them

moving again, in a wide, dark stream of hoofs and horns, broad, red backs and switching tails, down the dusty road. Then, with a word to the cowboy nearest to him he turned his horse and rode back to the fountain.

As Miss P., standing at the gate with the child, glanced up at him he lifted his sombrero and sprang from his saddle. "Beg pardon, madam," he began courteously, "but I want to thank you for the great privilege we have enjoyed. It's a rare thing in California to find a watering-place along the road."

"You're entirely welcome, I'm sure," responded Miss P. cordially. This was nothing new. Dozens of grateful passers-by had paused to thank her for providing such refreshment for man and beast, and it was only a simple act of courtesy in this particular cowboy to do the same. So she wondered a little why he did not take his departure now that his errand was done. Perhaps he enjoyed the shade of the mighty fig-tree which spread its great limbs and dense foliage far out over the fountain and into the street.

Why should he look at her so? Why didn't he go? Oh, whom did he look like and who was he?

At that moment her startled eyes caught sight of a long, red scar across the man's forehead, for his head was bared, and in another instant she found herself leaning against the cypress hedge quite weakly and feeling as though it must all be a dream. Then she gathered herself together and spoke in a quiet voice which trembled a little:

"Horace—Horace, is it you, or am I dreaming?"

"You are not dreaming, Nellie," the man replied as quietly—"it is Horace and you are Nellie, come together at last in this strange way."

Miss P. suddenly lost her hold upon herself and began to cry—a soft, nervous, sobbing cry—and murmured something brokenly which the stranger accepted as an invitation to come in. So he tied the mustang to the ring in the fig-tree's trunk and followed Miss P. into the house, while the open-mouthed child went on her way schoolward, stopping often to walk backward a few steps and wonder at what she had seen.

But old Mrs. Green behind her window-blinds called excitedly to Maria and told her all about it. "Depend upon it, Maria," she quavered, "that old maid's got a history and I know it, and I hain't a mite of doubt in my mind but what that's her beau come back. But a cowboy—my sakes alive!"

It was the same old story with which everybody is so familiar—a lover's quarrel, a hasty parting, a hot-headed youth flinging himself away from the quiet New England home out into the world, to be swallowed up in the yawning jaws of the wide, wide west; a girl left to eat her heart out in proud, unspoken sorrow and refuse her various suitors because she had no love to give them. The old, old story again, but this one at least had a happy ending.

"And he wa'n't just a cowboy after all," says old Mrs. Green, as she cackles forth the romantic story of her next door neighbor, "for he owned all them cattle and was just a-passin' through to look after 'em. And he's worth consid'able, they say—got a big stock ranch up north, and Miss P.'s rented her house for six months and went up there with him till he gets things in shape to leave 'em and come down here to live. She says she ain't never goin' to leave that there drinkin'-fountain an' waterin'-trough, and I don't know's I blame her when it surely was the means of bringin' her a husband. Oh, yes, she's married. He come back in a day or two, lookin' as slick as you please, and they was married by Elder Stewart Wednesday evening a week ago."

"Well, I hope that man'll make her happy, for she is a good, kind-hearted woman, and I call that queer freak of hers—settin' up that waterin'-trough in front of her house—a regular deed of mercy."

Vernondale, Cal.

THIM THROUBLESOME MITHODISTS.

When years ago we were attacking the sale of poisonous and adulterated articles, including the milk fed to Boston babies [of which more than ninety per cent was then adulterated], a certain *Trade Journal* declared that we reminded them of an old clock, which, being wound up, never knew when to stop striking.

We have this morning on our table a marked editorial from a Western paper [the editor of which perhaps thinks that the good die young], in which he says that *he doubts whether we ever will die*.

Some of our readers may remember a little story we told in our paper about an Irishman who said to another that "*he didn't like thim Mithodists, because they were so throublesome*," to which the other replied, "that was just what was the matter with our Lord and Saviour, *he niver'd bin crucified if he hadn't bin so throublesome*." To this we will only add, for the benefit of our Western friend, that while we bought a life annuity many years ago of \$200 a year, we wish every time we go to draw it [in consideration of our chances of longevity], that we had made it \$400 instead of \$200.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOURS OF LABOR.

Hours of labor are very different now from what they used to be sixty and seventy years ago. When we were about twelve years old, our good mother, who was then teaching a private school for young ladies in Connecticut, consented to our being employed for three months or more in the store of a Vermont factory village, where she had been assured we should have the kindest treatment. The result was that we were worked forenoons, afternoons and evenings, and were then locked up in the store, where we slept little and were kept awake much by the noises during the nights, resulting, before our good mother was informed of it, in a nervousness which has followed us through life and aided in making us the most sleepless man we have ever knowingly met.

When we were about fourteen years old, we were placed in a large wholesale and retail dry goods store on the corner of Hanover and Blackstone Streets, next door to the wholesale store of the famous James M. Beebe & Company. As a compensation, we believe we received one dollar a week and board at a cheap boarding place about half a mile from the store. Our duty there was to rise early in the morning, travel the half mile to the store and open it, then go back to breakfast, then back to the store and stand on our feet the whole forenoon, then to dinner, then back to the store and stand on our feet the whole afternoon, then to supper, then back to the store and stand on our feet through the evening and help close the store, then back to our lodgings for the night. There was little danger of our getting into bad company or doing any mischief.

Boston had no water supply then, and all the water we drank came out of wells which each house had in the immediate vicinity of its water-closet and cess-pools, and this water frequently tasted as bad as any medicine kept by the apothecaries, and the only wonder is how people contrived to live using such water.

We were allowed just two dollars a year for spending money, one dollar each six months, and we remember one Fourth of July during which we invested nearly our whole allowance in ice cream, and thought for a time that it was probably the last investment we should ever make. We have been told that only one of the clerks employed in that large store died leaving property; all the rest sooner or later failed.

The boys of to-day who read this story may congratulate themselves on the great change which has come about in regard to the hours of labor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW THE COON SAVED HIS LIFE.

We give below, in negro dialect, an extract from Mrs. Sutherland's drama entitled, "*Po' White Trash*." It represents a negro in the act of killing a coon. He has brought the poor beast to bay and now has him at his mercy. Just before firing the fatal shot he catches the coon's eye and is stopped momentarily by the pathetic appeal which he reads there. The negro is giving an account to the doctor, and we will let him tell it in his own way:

"An' then, doctor, I saw thet coon's eyes—I saw thet coon's eyes. Doctor, I—I never saw a coon's eyes befo'. I reckon—I reckon—there wouldn't be so much hurtin' done in this world ef jes' befo' yo' hurted you saw the thing's eyes! An' I looked at him—an' he looked at me—an' his eyes said, 'Be you goin' to kill me?' Thar worn't no trees—no sky—no nothin'—jes' on'y thet coon's eyes. 'It's on'y cowards kill what can't fight,' they says. 'It's on'y devils kill fo' fun,' they says. Everythin' thet hed ever been 'fraid—an' I've been 'fraid!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. Everythin' thet ever been hurt—and, God's a'mighty! I've been hurt!—looked out o' thet coon's eyes. 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' An' I flinged my gun's far she'd flew, an' I sez, 'No, yo' mean, scared, hunted critter, you!'"

Medical Talk for the Home.

(From Four Track News, New York City.)

THAT ROYAL BULL-FIGHT.

Among the wedding festivities at Madrid was a bull-fight. The press despatches considerably assured the American public that: "The bull-fight itself was a disappointment to the Spaniards, as some of the usual blood-curdling features were omitted, probably as a concession to the queen. One maddened bull literally tore a horse to pieces under the railing of the royal box, from which Queen Victoria looked down without shrinking. Eight bulls were despatched, four of them by cavaliers mounted on horseback, who were chosen from the first families of Spain."

To some it would seem that the tearing to pieces of a horse by a maddened bull and the torturing and killing of eight bulls was "blood-curdling" enough to satisfy any but Spanish taste.

The cable also brings the intelligence that the American representatives attended the fight, but the British delegation, respecting British public sentiment regarding such brutal sport, did not attend.

A MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT AT TIA JUANA.

San Diego, July 22.—Fifteen hundred excited spectators, including over one hundred women, sprang to their feet and shouted and begged Matador Felix Robert to end the sufferings of a bull at the close of the exhibition at Tia Juana to-day, after the matador's Indian assistants had plunged two swords into the beast in a vain effort to end his life.

Nearly two thousand Americans journeyed to the bull-ring. There was a large sprinkling of women.

It is one of the pleasant recollections of our life that in the winter of 1884 we succeeded in stopping the proposed bull-fights at New Orleans and sending back the bull-fighters to Mexico and closing up the buildings that had been erected and the grounds that had been prepared, without a single exhibition.



THE HOUSE THE QUACK BUILT.

[With kind permission of "Collier's Weekly."]

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY" ON QUACKS.

Collier's Weekly, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, comes to our table every week and occasionally has an article on Quacks and Quackery which is worth to its readers more than a year's subscription. Its September issue is just now before us with a description of how tremendously quacks purporting to cure all diseases of the eye and ear succeed in humbugging and injuring the public through lying statements published in magazines and religious papers and not unfrequently certified to by deceived clergymen of different religious denominations. It contains the above picture of a magnificent house owned by one of these quacks and described as "The house the quack built," and shows emphatically the great mischief done constantly by quacks through their lying pretensions of being able to cure diseases of the eyes and ears.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES.

In "*The Square and Compass*" (Masonic) of Denver, Col., we find a computation of the enormous wealth which some of our American rich men are acquiring. Ten of them are now estimated as holding property to the amount of over two thousand millions of dollars. Twenty men indirectly control a large part of the wealth of the country and these rich men are constantly growing richer. It is estimated that the time is coming when one man may own from two thousand millions to three thousand millions of dollars, as a result of which he may be able to make the laws, own the newspapers, subsidize the churches and colleges, mould public opinion, direct the machinery of justice, control the banks, insurance companies and conditions of labor, fix prices, absorb the profits and control almost everything. Our American Humane Education Society, as our readers know, has offered three prizes of three hundred dollars each for the best essays on each of the following questions:

First. What is the cause of and the best plan for stopping the increased growth of crime in our country?

Second. What is the best plan to stop the poisonous and dangerous adulteration of our foods, drinks and medicines?

Third. What is the best plan for carrying humane education into our colleges and schools for the protection both of our own race and of all the other races called dumb which depend on our mercy?

It is a tremendous question whether the controversies between enormous capital and labor in our country are to be settled by a terrible civil war or peaceably at the ballot box.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for August, 1906.

Fines and witness fees, \$79.02.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

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NOT TALL ENOUGH.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, and among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Potsdam.

"What does your excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The Prince looked rather surprised, but made no answer, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant-loving father of Frederick the Great; but the inexorable critic merely said, "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck rejoined, "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face, and replied with significant emphasis, "I mean that we can flood our country twelve feet deep."

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